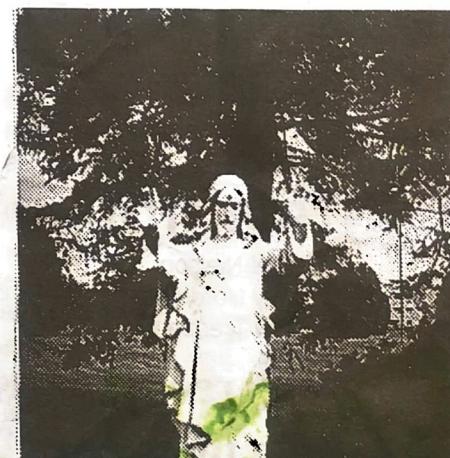
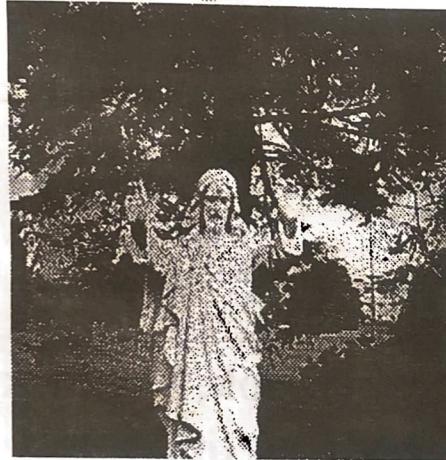


The Omen



The Omen

(It's a
stereogram)

Try it out,
kids!)

The Omen

Volume 6, Number 7
November 10, 1995

*** EDITORS ***

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Lauren Ryder.....	An Upstanding Citizen
Some Girl Scout in Dakin.....	Printer Abuse

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"Like undercover cops always look, like hicks come to the city for the first time."

-Luther Campbell

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 300 times. What better way to be heard?



EDITORIAL *

Women's Center = Girl Scout HQ!

Have you ever realized that the Women's Center is merely a glorified Girl Scouts office. Think about it, there are many similarities. First of all, there's the uniform. Where the Girl Scouts have these cute green and yellow get-ups with bandanas and such, the uniform for the Women's Center is much less conspicuous, until I point it out in the following paragraph:

There are three essentials you must have in your Women's Center attire. 1: Shave your head, if you're somewhat militant, but not willing to go that extra mile (or those extra few inches depending on the length of your hair), something above ear-length will do. 2: Pierce yourself until you look like you're half person/half zipper. Bonus points if you discover a new and innovative method of peircing yourself that your poser pierced friends haven't thought of yet. 3: Overalls, overalls, overalls. If you can't take the maleness out of your wardrobe, embrace it with a big, em-

powering hug, but button them first so they don't fall down.

Another essential parallel between the Girl Scouts and the Women's Center, are the badges. Where Girl Scouts get badges to sow onto their uniform, the people at the Women's Center get different stickers or pins to put on their backpack, or bumper stickers for their car. Girl Scout badges: First Aid, Fire Safety, and Hobbies and Crafts. Women's Center stickers: Abortion Rights, Homosexual Rights, Animal Rights, and Generic Militant Feminism/Women's Rights. "Keep your laws off my body!" "Meat is murder!" Well, keep your belief-of-the-week out of my throat, and do some research on it before you become a preacher: Ignorance is murder.

The Girl Scout law: I will do my best to be honest; to be fair; to help where I am needed; to be cheerful; to be friendly and considerate; to be a sister to every Girl Scout; to respect authority; to use resources wisely; to protect and improve the world around me; to show respect for myself and others through my words and actions.

The Women's Center law: I will do my best to seem honest; to seem fair; to help where I'm not necessarily needed, but wherever it looks good; to be

overly-sensitive; to be a mother to any woman, under any circumstance

whatsoever; to respect only female authority; to use resources like it's a right, and not a privilege; to protect myself from the world around me; to show respect for myself through my words and actions.

It's been said that the Girl Scout organization has a great influence over its participant's minds. Women's Center? Same thing.

Finally, the Girl Scouts is primarily something girls do in their spare time to get out on the weekends. Women's Center? Once again, same thing.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor

The Omen
with the assistance of
Some Girl Scout in Dakin

P.S. These qualities aren't necessarily indicative of a Woman's Center participant, but oh, do they help.



SECTION HATE

Who Stole the Soul?

Section Hate - 04 November, 1995

I start this week, after a nice two week hiatus from writing, without preamble.

Actually, this is a bit of a preamble, so here I go again, being a hypocrite. Alas, we trudge on, forever forward, never looking back, eyes on the prize, yadda yadda yadda. I'll stop this nonsense now, and get down to it.

Well . . . let's consider Jon Land's editorial of last week, shall we? Also, let's throw in for appraisal a dash of the response said editorial received. For this miniature fiasco is a fine example of what I have chosen to write about this week. It is also shaping up to be a controversy of a magnitude on the order of the chalking incidents of Spring '95, of which I wrote about a few weeks ago.

Jon's editorial about the concept of "safe space" on this campus and the world in general - and his rather strong opinion about the whole idea - was, let's face it, rather inflammatory. It was written, I believe, with the fairly obvious intention of provoking heated response - which it has undoubtedly received. This is not to say that Jon does not believe in the opinions he professes - I know for a fact that he

does, to a degree. What I'm saying is that Jon, in his public writings, is constantly trying to push the envelope, break through the boundaries of "community norms," "political correctness," or just plain "good taste." He has taken on the tricky role of social devil's advocate, addressing accepted societal concepts and opinions and stating the opposite extreme. This often means that what he writes is offensive to some or many; however, that offensiveness does not necessarily invalidate what he has to say. The devil's advocate position is necessary in any culture, in order for that culture to constantly question and reevaluate itself on its stances and beliefs. Without such "shock jocks" (taking the term used to describe Howard Stern, among others) - without such bastards - we grow stultifyingly one-sided. They are not kind, they do not care what words they use or what effect those words might have upon other people . . . but they are *necessary*, and I must commend Jon for his courage in taking on what at times is an extremely unpopular role.

If it sounds like I'm glorifying Jon Land, I'm not. I think some of the things he has written have been complete idiocy, and often-times his offensiveness is just not to my taste. But I respect

Continued on next page.

him, and he often has incredibly valid opinions that must be considered. But, God, no, I'm not glorifying Jon Land. That's not what this is about.

What is this about? you may ask. Well, jerk, I'll get to that in a second. For now, I want to address the response Mr. Land received for his editorial in the Vol. 6, Issue 6 issue of *The Omen*. It was a fairly predictable response: indignant, dare we say self-righteous outrage, with a demand for a public apology from Jon. An apology to whom, this response did not state, but we must assume that the apology is to be directed to women in general, and to the members of the Women's Center in particular. Okay. I can see this side, as well, though I may not agree with it. Jon's article could be construed as a verbal attack on women and an advocacy of letting known sex offenders back on campus, among other things - especially if you were a woman whose safe space had been violated by a man in any way. All of this I can see, and indeed understand. This response from anonymous parties was necessary: statements like the ones that Jon made cannot be left unchallenged. At the same time, demanding a public ap-

ology from Jon is utterly and completely ludicrous, and I'm confident that this demand will be ignored by Jon like it should be. No one has the right to tell anyone else to go back on their words. Absolutely *no one*. Everyone is entitled to their words, thoughts and opinions, no matter who they are: women, men, misogynists, man-haters, racists, purists, pro-life, pro-choice, Republicans, Democrats, Libertarians, Ross Perot, even complete idiots. Are we understood here?

And, just in case someone thinks I'm saying these things just because they happened to a friend of mine . . . I would say exactly what I'm saying now if the positions were reversed. For example: a woman, or group of women, call for the castration of all men. Jon takes offense and demands that this woman (or women) publicly apologize for

The Off-Campus Perspective

On the yurt...

Well, for about a year now, in the middle of the walk from the library to FPH, there has been a rather ridiculous structure known as "the yurt". Actually, it resembles nothing so much as a giant space-ring pop, remember those jolly ranchers on a ring you thought were so cool in the second grade. There has been much speculation on the possible uses for this insane structure, but I propose a new one. Let's build ourselves a hippie trap. You have

heard of mouse traps, beetle traps, and even parent traps, but how about something a little more useful. We could go get Jerry and put him in there, no doubt he would attract a crowd of mourners. What a perfect opportunity. As a friend told me it would be cool if it worked along the same principles as a roach motel... You know, "they can get in, but they can't get out" . . . One of my classes is discussing the use of pheromones to attract or repel insects, wouldn't the principle work as well here? Jerry would attract hippies, and once they are in there you can pull a Tokyo subway gag on them, you know cyanide gas or whatever. Or maybe that is too harsh, how about just making it impossible for them to escape... Super Glue, perhaps?? Possibly the best way to rid ourselves of them entirely would be to allow no escape and just blow the damn yurt up at midnight after a countdown like Times Square on New Year's Eve. That would rid us of

Continued on page 8.

Who Stole the Soul? Continued

Continued from previous page.

such hideous statements. I would berate Jon up and down for the sheer *arrogance* of such an act. So, rest assured, partisan politics does not play a part in my analysis of the situation.

What we have in this instance are two extremes, polarized viewpoints at odds with one another. I advocate such extremity, for in that extremity do we keep discourse fresh and new ideas forming. But I do not think, as the character I played in *Equus*, Martin Dysart, thinks, that "Extremity is the point." Extremes are necessary, but so is a middle ground. What I am saying - what this is about - is this: keep hold of the extremity, but not so tightly that you cannot find tolerance. You do not have to agree with your opposite's opinion - you don't even have to find a kernel of truth in it - but you should *respect* it. That is what I consider

to be the most important message of this article. If you take away nothing else from reading this, take away that idea. It is, in my opinion, something we have yet to learn as a species . . . and it is in this belief that I address this article to everyone involved, and not just one party or another.

Well, that's it for another week on this vast merry-go-round we like to call Section Hate. Questions? Comments? Suggestions? Send them my way: jobF92@hamp or HC Box 21. And, please, do write for *The Omen*. Get your opinions out there. They're important, and need to be heard.

So, until next time, kiddies, remember: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for them motherfucking stars.

Thppth et al.

Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor

Don't try this at home, or anywhere else

Teenage suicide—is it right for you? Here's a list of the pros and cons, (starting with the cons as any truly suicide-prone person would do):

CONS:

1. Your parents get all bent out of shape. But they brought you through toilet training, junior high, and the cancellation of "My So-called Life."

They're resilient people. You can assume they'll get over you within 6 months, a year at maximum.

2. You'll never get to be a ballerina. (But if you ever WERE going to be a ballerina, you would be one by now, dumbass.)

PROS

1. Extra-large picture in the Frogbook.

2. People who would have laughed had they seen you trip, fall, and gouge your eye out on that ugly silver origami thing near the Library Circle will cry for days about your untimely death.

3. People will feel bad about all the bad things they've done to you. All your ex-boyfriends and girlfriends will regret dumping you and fling themselves on the still-loose earth over your grave, wailing and sobbing.

4. People will sit around discussing the meaning of every insignificant thing you ever did or said. Instead of building a rain-

bow-hued windmill or slowly suffocating hamsters, someone might decide to do their Div III on the semiotics of your insignificant yet tragic life.

5. You will join that well-thought-of and rapidly growing group of other teenage or twenty-something suicides. Like Kurt Cobain.

6a. Your wife could possibly become a big star.

6b. Stop worrying about F.B. Cobain, for Christ's sake. The kid will never go hungry, okay?

So, as you can see, the ayes have it. Teenage suicide is hip, it's fashionable, it's THIN and it's IN.

I have no intention of killing myself, but in these few paragraphs I've probably given it more real thought than Ted Wilder (not his REAL name) ever did. Ted is an old classmate of mine who took just a few too many pills one night this week and woke up, as they say, at room temperature.

Starter jacket aflame. He was a nasty, acne-encrusted person, a drunkard who tried to kill his adorable eleven-year-old brother on more than one occasion, but somehow, in the light of what he did, he doesn't deserve eternal pain.

His life was short, wild, stupid, frustrated, and above all ultimately pointless—pointless unless it serves as a reminder to us all, even you guys at Hampshire who never knew him, that no matter how mean you seem, or how badass, we're all more or less in the same boat. We're all in

and, like the Discovery Channel, it kinda makes you think. Kinda.

Suicide is a dumb thing to do. (I'll have a full disclaimer for this article at the bottom of the page, so CALM down. Christ.) But no matter what people say, it gets you attention. It makes people feel sorry for you. It makes people wish they had tried to save you. And, for a brief moment, it makes people understand and want to love you. And, if things really are like the priest at Ted's funeral SAYS they are, Ted will see, from up in heaven, this outpouring of sympathy and his halo will glow just a LITTLE brighter.

Of course, the Catholic Church says all suicides go to hell, so...No. I don't believe Ted Wilder is thrashing around in hell right now, the sleeves of his

Continued on next page.

A Lesson in Hall Diplomacy

The uncertainty principle (which was so important to Heisenberg that he spent months trying to convince Einstein that both of them might be Niels Bohr) dictates (but only if you take dictation) that this paragraph may or may not be found under Section Hate, depending on whether or not Josh Brassard decided to whip out the spray-can of invective this week. And don't be surprised if someday I get my very own "Section Bombast"—I hear that fun-loving, happy-go-lucky little Jewboy who runs this two-bit rag is a little sweet on me. He's the only one on E3 who feels that way, though. Every time I stop there to do the friendly neighbor thing, I'm treated like Roy Cohn at a Gay Pride parade. (This simile works on several levels, much like the works of Melville, Eliot, and the Sweet Valley High series.) I mean, all I did was mention that everybody

in the hall seemed pretty sarcastic, and next week I hear through the prison grapevine that some grudge-carrying Neanderthal with too much time on his paws has posted in the Dakin 'T.P.' some statement to the tune of: "No, we're not sarcastic. And we don't like you. Sincerely, E3." Oh well. And so begins the Great Sarcasm Debate of '95. (Can you imagine an actual debate on the subject? "Knowles said that sarcasm is the last refuge of the weak." "Yeah, whatever.") Why couldn't I have pissed off one of the more easygoing halls—you know, the ones where you stand in the lounge for five minutes and you never have to worry about glaucoma ever again? ("Dude, we're pretty pissed about...uh...what were we talking about?") Maybe Saga should increase the dosage of sedatives in the trots, because this seems to be affecting the entire campus,

Don't Try This, Cont.

Continued from previous page.

pain, and we all, to a certain extent, hate ourselves. We're all fighting the same battle, and so the best thing to do is to help each other along, and hope that no one else gets lost.

My best friend, who goes to Boston University, wrote to me the night after Ted killed himself. I had emailed her first, saying I didn't know how to feel about this, and she replied: "It's ok to feel a lot, and it's ok to feel nothing at all." I guess I fit into the second category, for now. But I still wish I didn't, I feel like maybe if I felt a little worse about this death some great truth would be revealed to me. Or maybe it would just hurt a lot more.

(Look. This article does not mean it's cool to kill yourself or that I'm going to like you any better if you do. So put the rope away, tear up the note, and relax.)

Anna Seney

Modern
Tart,
Jonathan
Land,
1995



1995

Pulp Friction

"Just because you are a character doesn't mean you have character."

First Sentence:

You know when you're in SAGA and you see someone you know, but not too well (like they were on your orientation group or they are in one of your classes), and you say "hi" as you pass each other or maybe smile, but then minutes later you're going over to refill your OJ (remember when OJ was just a beverage?) in a futile attempt to get to all that pulp stuck to the bottom and sides of the glass (well, actually it's plastic; the glass is no more glass than the food they serve there is food) and you see that person again, but this time when you pass each other you don't acknowledge each other at all, even if you want to greet that person again, because the words *just don't reach your mouth* and finally you realize when you get back to your table that it's just like the stuff there that they call orange juice; it's impossible to do the second time because when you drink the second glass you still can't get that pulp down because *it just doesn't reach your mouth*.

Rest of Article:

It's like you don't want to say "hi" twice because you might look like you like each other too much. For instance if it's me and this other girl at SAGA, and she says "hi" twice then I'm gonna be like "Hi! Wanna come back to

my room and fuck until we can't walk?" It's ridiculous; no one's going to misinterpret a friendly "hi", nod, or smile. And what is the mysterious threshold of caring too much or looking silly? If I saw the person two hours later I would definitely say "hi" again, but if I saw them two minutes later maybe not. At what point between those two is the cut-off? And how do we all know what this point is? Surely no one ever taught any of us. There are people you know and people you don't know, but in-between is where you enter those gray areas, where the social friction exists, where you don't know how to treat anyone, where you don't really know how you know someone, but you're always getting to know them, and it's confusing and exciting and real and fake all at the same time. It's confusing because you don't know how to act. It's exciting like discovering a new country. It's real because it's what life is all about. And it's fake like those Hampshire Great-Gatsby-types who have that awesome status symbol bookshelf in their rooms full of books they don't read because they're too busy smoking weed every night. And it happens every day.

something. What I really want, though, is to get in *Section Hate* one of these weeks. Now there's a "bookshelf" to strive for having. I'm not a particularly hateful person though, I just complain a lot so I'd probably never get by in anything more than *Section Whine*. (That Jeremy Treppin fellow got *Hate* last week, but that's probably just because he insulted Jon repeatedly and Josh didn't get around to writing an article.) How about section *Holden Caulfield*? Then I could just smoke cigarettes all the time, complain, and like my hat. What do you say, Jon?

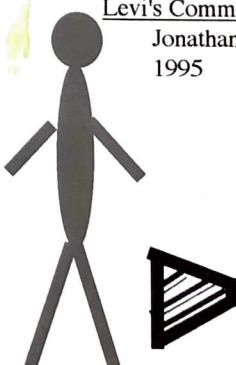
More Treppenrant by:
Casey Nordell

Yurt Bomb

the yurt too... Hey, that's the ticket (that exploded). Any volunteers?.....

Crystal Nielsen

Rejected from
Levi's Commercial,
Jonathan Land,
1995



Not part of Article:

It reminds me of long good-byes when someone's leaving your room, and then the short or non-existent good-byes than occur when they come right back because they forgot their hat or